Gabriel/Crowley, making him beg.

NC-17, shameless PWP, dubcon.

Warning for Dubcon.

Gabriel scowled at an itch on his arm, and didn't scratch it. "I hate this." He said, complaining again, and Crowley made a face at him.

"You're stuck like that for a while, so suck it up. You're lucky you survived at all."

Gabriel made a face at the demon, knowing he was right, and not liking it at all. He'd be angel again in time, once enough of his Grace recovered, but until then he was effectively human, which annoyed him to no end.

And he had to rely on Crowley to keep other demons from eating him, because no angel would lift a finger for him, and Crowley thought it was funny to have an archangel owe him.

None of this meant he had to like it. Gabriel flopped down on the couch and ignored Crowley's tsk of annoyance. If it was expensive furniture (and it was) then Crowley could fix it. Gabriel didn't care right now.

Crowley closed his book and stood up. "I have had enough of your moping, Gabriel." He told him. Gabriel grunted into the also-expensive pillow on the couch.

Crowley shook his head, and swatted Gabriel on the rear, getting a yelp from Gabriel.

"What was *that* for?" Gabriel asked, sitting up.

"You've never had sex like this before, have you?" Crowley asked, one eyebrow raised. "At the mercy of someone else, I mean."

Gabriel opened his mouth, then closed it.

"Thought so. Shirt off."

Gabriel looked at Crowley, defiance in his eyes. "And if I refuse?"

"I remove your shirt while Edith chews off your ankle. If I need to fix you afterward, I will." Crowley said cheerfully. "C'mon, off it goes."

Gabriel glared, but his fingers were fumbling with his shirt buttons, and he was standing. Crowley smirked and set his drink down.

"That's better," Crowley said, and he put a hand on Gabriel's chest. "Much better." He slid his hand to Gabriel's shoulder and pushed down, hard, and Gabriel went to his knees with a thump.

"Ow," Gabriel said, and Crowley just shook his head.

"It could hurt a lot worse, and you know it. Now, my pants, if you will."

Gabriel *glared* at him, and undid Crowley's pants. "Fine. If we're playing that way. *Fine*."

Crowley only smirked as Gabriel took his cock out, patting it gently.

"...oh, I see." Gabriel looked back up at Crowley. "Oh please let me suck you off. Better?"

Crowley's smirk widened and he nodded. Finally he began to harden.

Gabriel made a face at him and licked it, and Crowley let himself feel it, let himself relax into enjoying it.

Gabriel rolled his eyes and took Crowley into his mouth, sucking him off with some skill, which Crowley had to wonder at. Who *had* the pleasure of Gabriel's mouth before him?

Gabriel paused mid-suck, let Crowley feel his teeth, then returned to flicking his tongue and moving his head and hands.

"Yes, yes, that's good," Crowley murmured, kind enough to not rest his hands on Gabriel's head.

Gabriel's mouth was warm, almost hot, and Crowley pushed into it after a moment, making Gabriel take him in further than he'd intended, and Crowley savored the noise he made, eyes widening. Crowley took in the sight of Gabriel like that and thrust forward again, earning another strangled noise from Gabriel, and he came hotly down Gabriel's throat.

Gabriel didn't swallow it, and Crowley didn't say a word when he spat some of it on the floor. Instead Crowley tucked himself back in and let his smirk evolve into a grin.

"Maybe I'll return the favor later, yeah?" He said, and Gabriel looked at him, eyes hard.

"You will," Gabriel said, and Crowley didn't doubt it. He could handle the threat there, he knew.

Gabriel stood up. "I'm going for a shower." He said, and departed.

"Mm. Definitely worth it." Crowley murmured to himself, and picked up his drink. "Definitely."